The CRISIS

Louise E. Latimer '23.

MAY-1923- 15-CENTS-A-COPY

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, Inc.

Home Office: 527 N. SECOND ST. RICHMOND, VA.

CONDENSED ANNUAL STATEMENT

December 30, 1922

Balance Ledger Assets Brought Forward Jan. 1, 1922		$ 571,604.37
Income for 1922		817,961.69
TOTAL		$1,389,566.06
Disbursements for 1922		794,638.86
BALANCE LEDGER ASSETS Dec. 30, 1922		$ 594,927.20

LEDGER ASSETS ITEMIZED

Cash in Company's Office	$2,874.40	
Deposits in Banks and Trust Companies	68,617.87	
Cash in Transit from Dist. Offices	4,952.28	
TOTAL	$ 76,444.55	
Real Estate (Cost Price)	378,516.71	
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	94,759.60	
Stocks and Bonds	32,553.00	
Bills Receivable	7,653.34	
Furniture and Fixtures	5,000.00	
TOTAL (Ledger Assets as Per Balance)	$594,927.20	

NON-LEDGER ASSETS

Interest and Rents due and accrued	$ 3,621.02	
Market Value of Real Estate Over Book Value	9,993.18	
TOTAL (GROSS ASSETS)		$ 608,541.40

ASSETS NOT ADMITTED

Bills Receivable	$ 7,653.34	
Furniture and Fixtures	5,000.00	
		12,653.34
TOTAL (ADMITTED ASSETS)		$ 595,888.06

LIABILITIES ITEMIZED

Notes Payable	$ 8,630.32	
Employees' Deposits	19,954.88	
Reserve for Unpaid Claims	1,008.60	
" " Federal Taxes	8,683.49	
" " Interest and Sundry Accounts	8,681.42	
TOTAL LIABILITIES EXCEPT CAPITAL		$ 46,958.71
Capital (fully paid)	$ 30,000.00	
Surplus Over All Liabilities	518,929.35	
Surplus as regards Policyholders		548,929.35
TOTAL		$ 595,888.06

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SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, Inc.

Operating in the State of Virginia and District of Columbia.

THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 26 No. 1 **MAY, 1923** **Whole No. 151**

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"Blossoms". Posed by Helena Lankford. Drawn by Louise R. Latimer.

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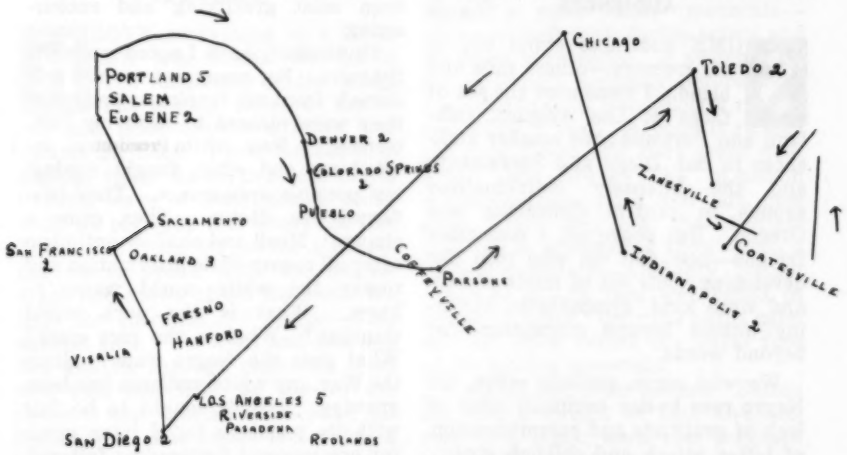
THE CRISIS

Vol. 26 No. 1 MAY, 1923 Whole No. 151

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

WAYFARING

I HAVE travelled 7500 miles and have yet another 1000 before I see my office again. I have delivered 30 lectures to 11,550 auditors or thereabouts, including 10 to branches of the N. A. A. C. P., 7 to colleges, 4 to churches, 3 to Christian Associations and 2 to Women's Clubs. I have yet 10 to deliver.



This is the map of my going and the number of talks in each place where there was more than one.

I write from Denver.

THE MESSAGE

SO far I have spoken to about 7200 white folk and 4350 black folk. This has been the burden of my messages: to the white folk, I have shown that present social divisions and antagonisms are economic rather than physical or cultural and these economic differences caused the Great War. I have shown in detail what the Negro did in the Great War—for France, for England, for the United States, for the world; and I have insisted that in race hate based on economic oppression lies the seed of future wars.

To the colored people, I have shown what we did in the World War and what we suffered, and what European economic imperialism has meant to us and our kind; what the future may be.

To both races, I have emphasized the work of the N. A. A. C. P. and the mission of the CRISIS, and to both I have at times, lectured on the contribution which Negroes have made to American culture.

My audiences have varied from 100 to 1200 persons. They have given

me careful attention and sometimes manifested approval. The newspapers have been uniformly courteous.

Most of all I value my talks to schools—to the world's future—to the Wendell Philips High School, Chicago, to Mills College, the University of California, Stanford University, Reed College, the University of Oregon and Willamette College. To these young men and women, I spared no fact in my indictment of the attitude and crimes of white Europe and America against the black world. I noted with interest that my words were received with deep thoughtfulness.

AUDIENCES

SOME audiences stand out in my memory—others fade and blend. I remember the sea of faces at Los Angeles, Oakland and Portland; the smaller audiences in San Diego and Sacramento and the intensely individualized groups in central California and Oregon. But above all, I remember friends—new and old who rose like developing souls out of mists of men and were kind, sympathetic, inspiring almost beyond conception—far beyond words.

We who serve, publicly serve, the Negro race to-day complain often of lack of gratitude and comprehension, of bitter attack and childish gossip; but I never go on a trip like this without a choking sensation—a realization near to tears of the immense, the unfathomable gratitude and appreciation of the Negro American for his leaders and workers. The black man is poor, his knowledge is limited, his experience is narrow. But his heart is rich, his head is level and there is no sacrifice to which he will not respond with like. I have seen tears of thanks in the eyes of strangers, joy and appreciation on the lips of friends, and with all this well-nigh infinite desire to make me comfortable and happy and to spread the truth with which I labored.

All the more have I appreciated this because I have made no appeal to emotions. Less than ever have I sought to arouse passion of any kind. I have talked to my audiences without gesticulation, with scarcely a raising of my voice—quietly but distinctly. I have told no jokes and yelled no climaxes. I began my talks without excuse or flattery and ended without peroration. I have simply reasoned, with fact and logic and illustration. This has not pleased all persons in my audiences but for the most part the thought and attention given has been most gratifying and encouraging.

Particularly have I noted my white listeners. For many years white folk shrank from my frankness and what they were pleased to term my "bitterness". Few white audiences invited me and often fought against my possible appearance. They preferred Mr. Moton. Then came a change. Mush and shallow optimism after all convey little information and to-day the white world wants to know. What is the dark world thinking? What is the race clash? What does the Negro want? Since the War, my white audience has been growing. I have sought to be fair with its members but I have never for one moment flattered or faltered. The crime of white humanity toward black is the most awful crime of the ages. Dress it and excuse it as you will—its stark and bloody filth makes every honest heart shudder. I have not insulted my white listeners. I have not assumed human perfection nor forgotten the things that extenuate and explain but I have thrown the stark and awful facts in their faces with calm and unemotional insistence. It is not because I do

not believe in white humanity that I have spoken frankly but because I do—*'η αλεθεία 'ελευθερωσι ύμάς.* All of them have not understood me. Some came to hear the old Tuskegee flattery and the Hampton "plea". A few such persons arose and walked quietly out. Others stared at me with unsympathetic resentment believing me a bitter carper and falsifier of facts. But most of my white auditors, to my surprise and gratification heard me with sympathy and rapt attention. They knew I was stating and not overstating the truth. And they wanted the truth.

THE PLACE

ABOVE everything on a Western trip looms the Place. The immensity of the thing. The mighty sweep of desert hill and mountain on a scale that dwarfs the East. From the flat Mississippi valley the earth swells slowly like the wave of some infinite ocean until we ply 7000 feet above the sea. Then mad with its awful strength the waves break with the mighty crags and snows of the Rockies. We fight for entrance and escape—Man against God. We work and run and fall and fly through cleft and seam and vale and hole, to win to the peaceful sea. Before and beyond lies the Desert. The desert is a Color, a chameleon-like drift and turn of stark forbidding beauty—grey—gray-white to northward, buff-brown-purple-violet to south—grim, grim, grim, desolate, fateful and grim. Then come scenes—scenes so beautiful as to be indescribable: the lilies and geraniums of San Diego, the palms and roses of Los Angeles—the vines and valleys and shades of haciendas, and the Sea, the Peaceful Sea where the Sun has always set and never rises.

DREAM-SCENES

WYOMING had a purple carpet, black beneath the dim new moon, that lifted itself in folds as ruffled by some eternal silent wind and then dropped, pink-broidered, at the world's edge. Came Utah with ghost mountains that rose and went suddenly, silently, full draped in white; and Salt Lake City, new, old, bleak, grim, thrifty, sordid, with factories, mines and mystic cult; and then the desert, hard, dry with fantastic saw-edge mountains, empty, empty.

SHASTA AND SISKIYOU

UP we clambered from summer to spring and from spring to snow. There rose before us a pale, yellow mountain—slim and cleft with double points and its heads were veiled. It swung mysteriously and curiously before, now near and simple, now ghostly remote and terribly vast. Around it ranged the snow-swept hills, dark green with pine. But always the mountain withdrew—now right now left, now gone. But they say that behind, crowned in everlasting snow looms a vaster mountain—Almighty Shasta—but to me its face was veiled in whitened mists. Only the butte, calm sentinel stood before the awful face of the hidden mountain.

I peered and could not see. Before me rose a stretch of land and hill, rose to a black, deep and poignant blue and stopped—stopped clean cut by a cloud like a sudden knife; and Shasta was not, for God took it up to Heaven in a cloud.

Then we strained at the great flank of Siskiyou—strained and jerked and climbed, circling and scrambling until we stood a mile above the far off sea. Afar Shasta veiled its everlasting snows and round about the black and solemn hills—the bleak and ragged hills—listened and waited. Once we fell a moment down to a

vale, a drab, lonesome and grim town, the last of California. But only for breath. Then double-engined, we gripped and rose above the earth, above the hills all black and white—above the clouds, above the sky—Siskiyou, Siskiyou, sang the train as sweating and gasping, we climbed into Oregon.

THE CABMAN OF FRESNO

I HAVE forgotten his name. He was tall and lean, beautifully black, with a frank, half-bashful laugh. "I'll get you there," he said simply. And everybody echoed, "He'll get you there." How simple! I had to catch a 6:05 train in the cold, gray morning. He would get me there. I could depend upon him; I could sleep calmly. I need not fret and worry. Here was a young man on whom everyone depended. He was just a cabman with an ancient Buick. But you could depend upon him. In one simple detail of life he was perfect. In that one attribute he stood among the masters of the world. He was a god! Shakespeare could write Hamlet; Harriman could build railroads; he could start a cab on time.

THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

SCARRED, naked mountains, with brush and furrows, sand and boulders, rising in superimposed triangles, with now and then a gracious swelling curve and crumbling crag above a sky—a sky so clear, so limpid and so blue, it seemed a dream of utter space and infinite beauty—a sea without shore, ship or shoal, and deep without end.

Definitely almost curtly the mountains withdrew from the level desert of cacti, weeds and white alkali. Then turning, we faced the surly mountains and climbed them—4000 feet at Tehachapi, a brown, silent, cynical land of faded sage. We stormed the sullen heights in great curved swoops like a bird, and the cold mountains softened at our approach—became almost beautiful, in their naked, inhospitable way, beneath the pale sunshine. Little bleak pines begin to squat about us and rotten rocks melt into dust and sand. All is dry and parched and gasping, and the sky is blue and slightly fleeced. A road following us sliced into the hillside precariously. And then over the hill and down, the green came stealing in over the meadows and we were back to the world again. It was as though we had gasped for breath and recovered—the world had gasped for water and got at last a long, slow drink.

We wound through a rough and quarrelsome valley, with iron rocks and towering hills, a tiny stream below. As we sank lower, we knotted ourselves grotesquely about a cone-like hill, twisting above, below, in circles—with space-defying antics dropped 2000 feet.

Crickets crying a high-noon, grass and crag-tipped mountains, eager green and sunlit valley. The tang of Spring. I'm going backwards from Summer to June from June to April and ahead is December. Lovely vistas of mountain, hill and dale stretching away in the glorious sunshine, rolling in a savage, poignant beauty with a village nestling afar. Ten miles we go to drop that little mile springing and whirling, diving beneath the earth and skirting the grim precipice and diving again.

The valley is one of the world's rare hits at painting beauty whether one leaps from fertile meadow to grey and snow-gripped mountain tops, or falls from a grey and barren heaven to the beautiful bosom of earth—from Tehachapi to Calienti is a ride for singing Valkyrs on iron horses wild with wings—*a-hoyia-ho! ha-ha!*

FROM THE ANGELS TO SAN DIEGO

AND then the Sea—the fierce old sea—the ancient and everlasting sea spread us its wares, its silken sheen of infinite hues in blues and green—its delicately laced camisoles resting on the pale, gold bosom of the land; ghost islands and the shadow of the shades of hills—the indistinct thought of yellows, purples and browns. Silent was the sea beneath the thunder of the moving sun and sand, no word nor murmur, lying like a dream on the edge of the earth.

Then the land, the slow and mighty land, stretching from the lace-edged mountains, swept with snow, stepped down to the eyes of the sea—the land rose and stood erect toward Heaven—the brown and velvet of its skirts torn and bedraggled and yet magnificent—above the sea it loomed and frowned. O beautiful, too beautiful world, soft La Jolla sleeping in the sun beneath Indian blankets! But still the sea—the grim old sea, the ancient and eternal sea—spread us its wares.

Silks, impalpable, imponderable, diaphanous, sheer as shine, gay as the laughter of God; velvets luscious, deep and rustling. Great sheets of beaten gold with little innocent hammer-marks, wide quilts of shimmering silver, blankets of flowing fleece and films of fire. Then—San Diego: hedges of gerania, fields of callas—star-eyed palms—dark fingers of land pointing seaward and the clustered, smoking city. The flash of white and angry teeth upon the sand gnashing, gnashing, gnashing—a slim dark finger of God beyond La Jolla touching the sea and saying: "Peace be still".

Roses and lilies, marigolds, gold mustard, yellow poppies and crimson gerania. Lead purple and grey are earth and sky and sea—save the roll and tumble of blue and silver tipped hills.

Beneath the bosom of the Peaceful Ocean, lies the Wrath of God, and underneath this wrath, the bones of the sleeping dead; white bones, and grey and black, shredded flesh and eyes that see not—bones and bones and ships and stones, layer and layer and century on century and crime on sorrow and sigh.

GRADUATES

THE July CRISIS, which is published June 20th, will contain, as usual, a review of Negro education for the year. It is always difficult to get these returns in time for publication, and many persons are annually disappointed. We are asking all persons who are to receive the Bachelor's degree or any higher degree in arts or any professional degree to write us stating the facts and sending a good clear photograph. We cannot promise to return the photographs and we cannot promise to publish every picture that comes to us, but we shall publish as large a number as possible. May we ask heads of schools to send in data concerning their college graduates at the earliest possible moment. Unfortunately we cannot publish much concerning high school graduates.

"PRINCE" CHALLOUGHLCZILCZISE

"PRINCE" CHALLOUGHLCZILCZISE, who has operated in Oklahoma, Illinois and Canada, is now giving his attention to Colorado. This makes it our duty to say in plain words that the "Prince" is a fraud and a liar, and the public is hereby warned against him. We have already a long list of his victims, and would be glad to have more in case we are reluctantly compelled to soil our pages with the details of his career.

HOLIDAY—A PLAY*

OTTIE B. GRAHAM

Characters

Margot Cotell.....A noted actress
Claire Mead.....A school girl, colored
Bertie.....A colored maid
Friends of Margot { .....Mr. Barter—her manager
.....Two other men
.....Two fashionable women

Time: The present.

Place: A popular white summer resort and beach.

Scene 1.

LIVING ROOM in the summer cottage of Margot Cottell. A long Dutch window opens from the back of the room upon a stoop. A shorter, ordinary window also is in the back of the room. Entrances are at left and right sides, one leading to anteroom and front door, and the other to another room in the house. It is late morning and breakfast time for the lady. She is breakfasting from a serving table on a chaise-longue. The morning is very dark and cloudy. There is heard continuously the distant roar of the ocean.

Margot—This is good coffee, Bertie. Do fix some for yourself and come eat with me. This dreary morning gets on my nerves. It grows darker. Just look! I suppose we'll need the lights on.

Bertie—Yes, Madame, I'll come. The morning *is* dark. It certainly ain't no day to make you feel happy.

Margot—Something makes me feel frightened inside, Bertie. Did you ever have a scared kind of feeling way in here—for no reason whatever?

Bertie—(*Placing a chair and plate for herself*)—Yes, Madame, I know. I've had it, I certainly have.

Margot—Did anything happen after you had it?

Bertie—Well, not *always*, but most times it did. Maybe nothing partic'lar, but just little troubles in general, you know. Yes, ma'am, I know that feeling.

Margot—It just feels as though my heart would jump out, and for no reason.

Bertie—Sometimes the reason is *there*, but you just can't think of it, ma'am.

Margot—(*Looking quickly at the maid*) Why do you say that?

Bertie—Oh, nothing, ma'am; just because it *is* sometimes.

Margot — (*Laughing*) — Not always though, eh, Bertie?

Bertie—Well, no'm, not always.—Er—is something wrong with the toast, madame?

Margot—(*Not attending*)—When it is dreary, the ocean makes more noise than ever.

Bertie—Madame, you have not tasted your toast.

Margot—Just want coffee. (*They sit for a few moments sipping coffee.*) Somehow I believe I won't act to-night.

Bertie—*Oh, Madame!*

Margot—(*Absently*)—I don't—feel up to it, Bertie. (*The girl sits awkwardly staring at her mistress.*)

Margot—(*Still absent-mindedly*)—Chilly—dark—a fine summer morning! Just because I had planned the visit for to-day. And still my holiday is postponed.

Bertie—Is there to be a holiday, ma'am?

Margot—Yes, Bertie, there is to be. It has been postponed now for, oh, a number of years. I'm going to take it this time—soon as this contract ends.

Bertie—Oh yes, ma'am. I s'pose you do need some vacation like other folks. Everyone else is enjoying the summer, and you just keep on acting to please them. Sure, you must get worn out, still tain't every actress as is good enough to be called on for special performances.

Margot—Oh no, I don't mean just that—perhaps I *do* need rest, but it isn't rest I want—I'm too in love with my part. Yes, it *is* rest I want too. Rest from an awful longing. Now, here it is summer again—summer, and I am suffering the same thing.—It's all tom-foolery—sacrilege. But society demands it. No, it isn't rest, it's —(*shrugs her shoulders*)—Every year, every year, I look forward to the summer. I know that I must let the winter go for work, but there is summer which is coming—and then summer comes and the *same thing happens*. Here comes another offer: "Take it—take it—ah Madame! The people want you! Just a short contract! Madame! Madame!" Bah! What do I care about the people? Anything pleases them—the people! But I am worried half

* For right to reproduce address THE CRISIS.

to death, and so I say yes. Then the summer goes. *Still* I have not done it. I—I am criminal! I swear I will have my holiday! Not a vacation, but a *holiday*.

Bertie—Oh, oh, Madame, when you talk like that you ain't talking to me, I—I know! You said some o' those same things once before. Madame, you are tired. Maybe you ought to rest before your guests come to lunch. Breakfast is a little late this morning, you know, ma'am, and they're due at noon, so you said. If Madame wants, maybe when they arrive——

Margot—Hush, *hush!* Don't talk to me of guests. Not of *these* guests. What do I care for them, or they for me? In two blinks of my eye they would not speak to me if—under certain conditions. Ah it's just the world, Bertie. Go make the coffee hot; it's about the only thing worth partaking of on such bleak summer days. (*Maid goes out. Margot goes over to window.*) Good Lord, it's dark out there! And yesterday was so beautiful and—why yesterday was scorching. Well, I'll go to-morrow, if it's the last—thing I do. The day *should* be a pleasant one. Oh dear!

Bertie—(*Entering*)—Here's hot coffee, ma'am. (*She seems still a bit wary of the lady.*) If it's too strong, maybe you can't sleep.

Margot—Why do I want to sleep, girl? What's the matter? This smells good—Oh, *listen* to that ocean! Every time I hear it I imagine it is washing away something dear to me,—dashing its poor life out.—Bertie! (*She grasps the frightened girl by the wrist.*) Kneel here by me, child. (*She looks hard at the girl's face.*) Don't be alarmed, young idiot. I just wanted to look at your skin. It's *beautiful*, Bertie.—I—I just wondered whether I might brown well.—My next *rôle* will require it.

Bertie—(*Busying around at nothing*)—If—Madame—I—er—

Margot—Take this stuff away—oh, bring it back—no, that's right—go on. I believe it grows a bit lighter, thank heaven.

Bertie—(*Stopping nervously on her way out with the tea wagon*)—If—if—Madame wants to use my brown *powder*—

(*Margot has a little fit of laughter, hearty and indulgent. In the midst of it there is a sudden agitated knocking from without. Before the maid can open the long window it bursts open and a tall, slender girl, wrapped in a cape, comes in. She is colored and very comely. She hesitates within the entrance, panting and convulsive. The maid, Bertie, starts to her, but waits to see what Madame will do. Margot is dazed as she rises and stands staring at the visitor. For a moment the three stand gazing, none seeming to know what to do. The girl is Claire Meade.*)

Claire—(*Trying to be calm and to announce herself*)—I—I am—(*She is overcome with tears. Standing with outstretched arms in the doorway, she makes a silent appeal.*)

Claire—Please! Please! (*She drops to the floor in a little heap. Margot nods dismissal to the maid, who leaves reluctantly, not hiding her curiosity.*)

(*The sobbing girl jumps up from the floor upon the approach of Madame, and forcing back her tears, stands erect. Margot starts as though she would caress her, but holds back. Claire sees this and speaks.*)

Claire—Ah, Madame, you *will* come and do so when I have told you; when you know how lonely I am you will take me in your arms as though I were your child. My life is so queer, everything for me is so dull; this day is so dark.—Whoever saw a morning in summer so black—so chilly! It *frightened* me because I was so lonely! (*Margot unable to withstand the sobbing voice of the pathetic little figure, takes her almost madly into her arms and leads her to the chaise-longue, soothing her tears.*)

Margot—Poor, poor little girl! There, there, don't be sad. I know, you were lonely—*lonely—I know, I know.* (*After a moment of comforting*)—Tell me child, what under heaven's sun made you come to me? People seldom are real in my presence because—because I am—Madame Cotell.—Oh, I *hate* it now. Child, why did you come?

Claire—Because I knew you were—I—I used to know you when you lived across from my uncle and me in Mersville. (*Margot starts slightly, but listens intently.*) You lived in that pretty yellow stone house. I used to watch you come and go from my play-room window, and when you had gone down the street I would try so hard to walk like you. You were the wife of every fine prince in my fairy-tale books; when you came over to see uncle I tried to talk like you. Oh, I remember so well—when you took me for walks and held me on your knee—I—I thought I was in paradise.—Then you went away. You came over to

talk with uncle one night in a hard storm. Uncle would not let me stay that night; I was sent off to bed, and I never saw you any more. It was all like a child's pretty dream. I used to call you Miss Marjorie. Oh, it's been so long a time, I'm sure you must have forgotten.

Margot—(*Looking steadily at the girl*)—No, I remember quite well.

Claire—It—it must be that I remember you so well all the time because you were the only lovely woman I ever knew in my home.

Margot—Ah, you have been frightfully lonesome, child.

Claire—Madame, I am sick of it here! School was far better, even though I was always anxious to get away. I believe there is not another colored person around here except your maid. Since uncle died I have lived with a great-aunt. I don't know anything about her. I never saw her before his death. And—and—somehow I—I do not believe she is any kin to me at all. She never talks at the right time, and, oh it's terrible! This is a summer resort—a place for a good time, and everybody has it but me. They're all white—I don't want to go with them—but I am absolutely alone!

Margot—Why did you come here, Claire?

Claire—Oh—you—remember my name?

Margot—To be sure I do! Why did you choose this place for the summer?

Claire—(*Bursting into sobs*)—Oh, I didn't choose it! I did not choose it! I tell you I don't believe she's any kin to me—Miss Jenson! She acts all the time as though she were being directed, still there's no one to direct her. She made the doctor say I must come here for the climate, and I'm not ill! I'm just lonely.—I want Uncle. He's the only mother I ever knew.—And—and this morning was so black—it *is* getting lighter now—I just could not stay in that big cottage and hear the ocean all by myself. I knew you were here. I saw you play in "Crinoline" the other night—and—I—I—

Margot—You came because you knew—that—I—was—

Claire—Colored.

(*Margot had expected this and so is not surprised. She sits thinking for a moment.*)

Margot—(*Calmly*)—It's really good to hear someone say it. This masquerading, once entered into, is not so easily put aside. I took a big chance when it came to me, and circumstances swept me on.—Once started I had to—go on. I pleased the people and they gave me this fame. I lost old ties and friends for it—this fame; but I could not go back—I needed the money for—I needed the money.

Bertie—(*Entering*)—Will you have the table prepared for lunch, madame?

Margot—No, Bertie, I shall not. It is time for them to arrive, but there will be no need for lunch. (*Bertie looks surprised.*) That will be all right, Bertie. You may go.

(*Bertie starts out to the next room, but the bell rings and she turns back to answer it.*)

Claire—(*Rising to leave*)—Madame Cotell, you have been so kind. I shall go now. Perhaps some other—

Bertie—(*Reëntering with cards on a tray*)—The guests, Madame.

Margot—(*Pushing Claire gently upon the seat from which she has just arisen*) Have them enter, Bertie.—You're not going now, Claire, child. Sit there and be perfectly at home.

(*The maid ushers in the distinguished-looking party of five,—three men and two women. They exchange greetings with Margot.*)

One of the Women—Ah, the weather is wretched to-day. So dark!

Margot—Yes. I thought perhaps it would prevent your coming.

First Man—Now, now, Margot, weather never keeps one from a *luncheon* engagement! (*The others laugh.*)

Barter—You're not Margot Cotell to-day. What's wrong?

Margot—Oh, fatigue I suppose. It's the day—and the ocean. I'm so glad it's growing more like daytime. Goodness! Everytime the ocean roars it drowns me. (*The women are busy pretending to listen to the conversation and taking in Claire at the same time. The girl, seeing this, becomes interested in a book.*)

Barter—Ha, ha, ha, that is the way these grey days get on the nerves sometimes. But let me say what—

Second Man—(*Turning from other conversation*)—I say, Barter, spring the news on Madame.

First Man—Yes, yes—she'll like to hear it.

Margot—Pardon if I am abrupt. I shall not entertain you to-day, Mr. Barter. I

shall not even ask you to sit. I am sorry, but—

Barter—Oh, then we'll just charge it to Dame Temperament and lunch out. (*They laugh.*) But first hear the new proposition. Margot Cotell's fame will be doubled! Now folks!

(*The others stand around ready to chime in, but Margot stands very still, half defiant, half frightened, yet very composed withal.*)

Margot—It will be of no use, Mr. Barter I am breaking my contract to-night—now.

(*There is quite a little commotion at this, but it does not seem to affect Margot. She still stands quietly. Mr. Barter is quite alarmed, yet he does not believe her.*)

Barter—Ye gods, this *is* temperament, Madame! Just what's the trouble may I ask?

Margot—(*With a short cynical laugh, and slowly*)—You will *want* me no longer, sir. You, nor any of them. Ah, you conceive in a flash a vital idea.

(*This as his keen eyes search her then shift to Claire upon the chaise-longue. Claire has been watching the whole procedure from over her book.*)

Barter—(*With pointed shrewdness*)—Who is our interesting little friend?

Margot—(*In what is almost a retort*)—She will prove more interesting than you might imagine. She is Claire Meade, my daughter, who is with me now from school, for good.

(*This produces a shock. There is no word spoken for the space of a half minute. Then Margot, shaking her head gently, goes to Claire, who sits rigid, staring at the woman, her book dropped to the floor, her lips parted but dumb.*)

Margot—(*Forgetting everyone else and talking only to Claire*)—I know—I know—it was—you'll understand Claire, you'll understand! No, you will not! You *must*, Claire, child, you must understand! Your father died; you were too precious not to have the best; there was no one to get it for you but me! (*Calming herself*) Your father died and I went to the stage. Why? Because it fascinated me and I was young enough to yield to fascination. It was vaudeville, and I made enough with what my husband had left, to keep a woman for baby and the home. Then I went to a stock company for bigger pay, and let a neighbor, a dear old friend, take you. He was a widower and he loved children. I *had* to make the money, and to do so I left you with him. —Yes, you do remember me, child. I came whenever I could to be with you. We kept putting off telling you until I came home for good. I know it sounds incredible—I *know*—but it was the only way to manage. There was no trade for me, no other profession. The company was white, so they took it for granted—they never asked me my race, I never told them. I worked hard and they liked me; a big producer starred me. It meant the loss of my people and old ties, but—it also meant the very best for you. Still it did not mean *having* you, but I kept putting off just a little longer. Your old guardian loved you dearly. When he died I was sure that I would come immediately to take you, but just then, came this contract for the summer. I swore I would not make it, but I let myself be persuaded, declaring it would be the last time. *I* sent this woman who is with you; she seemed gentle and kind. Oh Claire, God knows I'm sorry! I had you come here from school because I wanted you near me. Oh, I was coming for you,—to tell you,—to bring you home with me to have a holiday —a real holiday—more than a vacation. I've planned for it *so* long. My heart has ached, has done nothing but ache. Fame is nothing, child, I only—

Claire—Hush! Don't tell me any more. You have let me live in cold luxury with a poor old man pitifully trying to mother me, when I should have had some kind of woman-mother. I should have loved her, had we had to dig in a ditch together. You——

Margot—But Claire, child, do listen——

Claire—No! All this time I've wanted you and never, never knew. It was your selfish ambition that made you leave me behind. What harm could there have been if you had let me know that I had a mother? As *I* know myself, I sprang from some comforting myth told by a soothing old man.—Heartaches! Longing! I've had just a thumping pain where my heart ought to be. You didn't care—you—

(*The visitors are spellbound and they stand watching, touched in spite of themselves.*)

Margot—Claire, Claire, child you're young —you can't see! You *still* want me, child you do!

Claire—No! Look at them there, waiting

for you to say it isn't so—to say it's just a whim or something. You're used to being one of them. What are you going to change for? How—how do I know you are my mother? I'm still lonesome—I'm going!

(*At this the girl turns and runs out by the way she entered, knocking over a chair in her mad flight. Margot drops to her knees catching the chair in her arms as she does so. She has held herself somewhat in restraint up to this point, but the doubt in her child is more than she can stand. Hysterical, she clutches the chair, screaming until it is taken from her.*)

Margot—Don't let her say that—don't! Don't!—Oh, Claire, my baby! Claire! Claire!

(*The guests all move slowly to the door with the exception of Mr. Barter, who lays down his hat and cane and starts with the maid who has come in, to the crazed woman. The curtain descends as her calls rend the air.*)

Scene 2.

Same room at dusk. There is still the sound of the ocean. The window curtains are partly drawn. Margot is lying on the chaise-longue in negligée. A small stand bearing medicines and glasses is near by.

In the center of the room Mr. Barter is talking in whispers to a group of seamen in oil skins. The maid is attending the woman. As the seamen start out, their coats rattle, and Margot starts up wildly.

Margot—Go back to the ocean! Why are you here? The *ocean!* The *ocean!* Don't you hear it laughing, blustering, crashing out there! *Why* are you here? *Ah*——

Barter—It is all right, Madame, it is all right. They will find her. You must be quiet.

Bertie—Oh, Madame, you must be calm. The doctor said you must be quiet or—Oh, Madame you will be quiet?

Margot—You have not brought Claire. Why?

Seaman—Our men are searching steadily, ma'am. The water is rough to-day. We've sighted a drifting skiff and we're trying to reach it. We think—

Second Seaman—Don't worry ma'am we'll reach it.

Third Seaman—(*Looking through window*)—The water's getting rougher.

Barter—All right, men, let's go. Reach that skiff! (*Turning to maid*) I'll run over to the theatre, then I'll come back. Take care.

Bertie—Yes sir.

(*She returns from seeing the men out to Margot who has sat staring hard since she last spoke. Bertie gets her to lie down then sits by her side. The ocean grows louder.*)

Margot—(*Sitting up*)—Listen, Claire, listen!

Bertie—Yes, yes, Madame, it is the ocean. Do lie down. Don't listen to it.

Margot—No, no, child, it is applause. Hear how they call for me. More! I must get back into my part. (*Bertie looks on, frightened, while Margot goes into acting.*) Ah, sir, and here's a rose; it has a symbol. Know you it? 'Twas mine, 'tis yours. No go, sir, and ponder o'er the symbol. (*She waits for an imagined cue, pantomining all the while.*) Ah, but if you stay our secret is given away! It is not yet time for that. Ah, you *will* go! Here comes my cousin Clara. (*Changing from acting at the sound of the name she has spoken.*) Clara—Clara—Claire! *Claire! Claire!*

Bertie—(*Running to her*)—Madame Cotell! Please! Come!

Margot Cotell—Madame Cotell! Why, I am Marjorie Meade, you know, but of course I shall take another name for my work. Go, Claire, darling, sit there and hear my new lines.

Bertie—Now, now, Madame, do come. I am Bertie. Come, lie down before the doctor returns.

Margot—There now, they're applauding again. I must get back into the part. (*Acting again*)

Rush on, my brain—I cannot comprehend
things infinitesimal!
I cannot grasp the things that sweep
me on.
I cannot leave the cloud-realms,—yet
The abstract drowns me—utterly, utterly.
Poor despairing mortal, I. This is madness!

(*Hearing the waves again*) Why do they applaud in the midst of my lines! Why do they not—Ah, they have gone, and left the ocean in their place! And it is laughing—shouting at me! *Stop* it!—Oh, my baby! Claire!—Baby! Bring her back! *She falls screaming to the floor.*)

Bertie—(*Running to her*)—Oh, poor, poor Madame If you had just kept quiet. Oh—oh—I can't do a thing! (*Wringing her*

hands and running to the window and opening it.) Hey! Mister! Please come in here at once. Yes! To the front; I'll let you in! (*Over the woman*) You poor, poor darling. Anyhow you've showed 'em you could be great. I know you suffered. (*Goes to let the man in. He is one of the seamen.*)

Bertie—Just help me get her on the *chaise longue.*

Seaman—Right! There y'are. Now what're you gonna do? Give'er some more medicine? Too much dope in this here.

Bertie—Thank you I can manage now. She's coming to. If she just didn't hear those waves! They *do* sound awful.—Poor Madame (*tending her*). (To seaman) Are people stirring much?

Seaman—Wa'al, they ain't just up on what's happened. They know we're searching for someone. We don't know awrsef whether the miss is out there or whether she run away. They're nearin' that skiff though.

Bertie—Do they know Madame Cotell is connected with the affair?

Seaman—Oh, well, I guess it's 'bout sneaked around now that she's—she's colored. Course this here's a kind of swellish neighborhood, whole place is in fact, and I guess—

Bertie—(*Flaring up*)—Well, what'n the devil's that got to do with it! She didn't bother a darned soul unless *they* came after *her.* She never told nobody what she was because nobody asked her. I'd like to tell these white guys something around here. I may not be so doggoned high-up, but I certainly know the real stuff when I see it. Margot Cotell's got in her what a lot o' folks around here need, and need bad! She took the chance that came to her, and she's let 'em know what she is.

Seaman—(*Noticing Margot stirring*)—Hey! Yer wakin' her up! (*He goes out while he can.*)

Bertie—(*Turning quickly to Margot*)—Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't go to make all that fuss, Madame.

Margot—What is the trouble Bertie? Shouldn't I be at the—What is it?—Why—

Bertie—(*Giving her something to quiet her*)—Now, Madame, you must be very still.

(*The bell rings sharply. Bertie answers and returns with Mr. Barter who is a bit excited.*)

Barter—How do you feel now Madame? Fine, fine! I'll just tell you this right now. The people screamed for Margot Cotell! The understudy can't hold them. Madame must return regardless.

Margot—(*As though it were all just dawning on her*) Did you tell them Margot Cotell is colored?

Barter—It is never to be mentioned again.

Margot—Has my child been found?

Bertie—(*She has been looking out of the window.*) Pardon, Madame, but the—the—the men are—are coming.

(*Barter and Margot both turn, asking the same question with their eyes.*)

Bertie—Yes—yes—they—they have something! It's—it's the wrap she wore—and—a shoe—and—Oh! (*Hiding her face in her hands*)

(*Margot sits very still. She is strangely calm.*)

Margot—(*Motioning to Mr. Barter*)—Go meet them, Mr. Barter. (*He leaves the room hesitating*) I am all right.

(*This calm surprises Bertie, but as soon as the man has left the room Margot changes.*)

Margot (*Rising*)—Come here, Bertie, quick! Away from the window! Now sit here! Stay! If you follow me I'll strangle you. (*She is wild again and talking in loud whispers. She flings the long window open.*) You dare! (*This as Bertie starts after her. The girl is too frightened to start again.*) Old waves, you have not called in vain! You led her through this door and out again. Now I'm coming, and we'll have our holiday together. (*Her wild laughter floats back as she dashes away. Mr. Barter and the other men come as she vanishes. They and the maid run to the long window. The men go after her. Bertie stands on the stoop outside the long window, staring after them. A final, wild, victorious scream comes back, and Bertie falls, fainting where she stands. The men do not overtake Margot. Only the roar of the ocean is heard as the curtain falls.*)

MOCKING BIRD

CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON

LYRIST of the solemn hour,
Day's onfall brings thy power
With a deluge of delight,
All enravishing the night.

"THE CHEYNEY TRAINING SCHOOL"

G. EDWARD DICKERSON AND WILLIAM LLOYD IMES

THE principal of Cheyney has stated his case in THE CRISIS for April, and it is courteously agreed by THE CRISIS that the opposite point of view ought to be stated.

Let us first examine his "facts" on page 253.

1. "The state law admits of no segregation," yet it admits the statements in the official catalog of Cheyney for this current year page 8, quoted verbatim: "The Cheyney Training School for Teachers is not designed for immature youth, but to develop *Negro* teachers." While the principal is correct as to the letter of the Pennsylvania state school law, yet its state officials are allowed to break both its letter and spirit, nd we who protest that this is wrong are called full of "blind prejudice", "bad manners", "violent language", etc. We must keep quiet and see men like Mr. Hill encourage *practical segregation*, which he knows, as well as we, leads sooner or later to *legal* segregation, for in a state like Pennsylvania racial segregation only has come in those matters in which the colored people allowed themselves to be segregated. Why, if he is perfectly in earnest about having a *bona fide* State Normal School, does he make it clear that the Cheyney is *for Negro Teachers*, unless the state officials have demanded this of him in return for their giving Cheyney state normal status?

2. "Cheyney as a private school was avowedly for colored students. Under the state, it continues its primary service to the race, but must admit any qualified applicant without regard to race, color, or creed."

The private school status of Cheyney is a matter of history, truly, and now its public status is just the troublesome thing. Private institutions can be much more narrow in their civic and social lines if they like, but the moment they become *public* in the sense that they are entirely supported and governed by the state, that moment they should have no special race, color, or creed in view, and Cheyney under its present form does have a distinctly avowed racial cast, *Negro;* and further, its distance from the West Chester State Normal School, only six miles from Cheyney, makes it apparent that the state, in setting apart Cheyney, only did it because it was Negro. There are not in all the state of Pennsylvania two other state normal schools so close together. The statement of Cheyney's principal that Cheyney "*must* admit any qualified applicant without regard to race, color, or creed" loses all of its force, therefore, because even if any white persons wanted to attend Cheyney because of its nearness to them, they would inevitably choose West Chester instead, and any Negro not especially welcomed at West Chester, would be all the more liable to mistreatment because a "Negro" State Normal is only six miles away across the Chester hills in the form of Cheyney. On December 20, 1922, in the presence of Dr. E. T. Hinson and the Rev. J. R. Logan of Philadelphia, a committee with one of the writers, seeking the truth of the Cheyney question, were informed by the principal of the West Chester State Normal School, Dr. Smith, that he would prefer to see the thirty-five colored students in his institution go to Cheyney, because he felt Cheyney could do more for them than he could. He said he had no personal prejudice, but his student body ostracised them. So Cheyney is to solve the race question in Pennsylvania's state educational system by demonstrating how a "Negro" school can be a perfect haven of refuge to unwanted and mistreated Negro pupils. Our whole race might as well leave America because we are on the whole largely unwanted and mistreated!

3. It is clear that the third point, "Any qualified colored student may attend any other Pennsylvania State Normal School," depends on the foregoing. The very existence of Cheyney as a State Normal School now makes the cordial welcome of a colored applicant to other State Normals more and more unlikely. If the state educational officials will wink at the law in allowing a state school to publish in its catalog a distinct racial name and appeal, and to carry this out in practice, will they be any more considerate of law in the attendance of races at schools where they are not wanted, and only grudgingly allowed? Our eleven

THE REV. W. L. IMES

segregated public schools in Philadelphia are part and parcel of this system of public officials in Pennsylvania winking at the law. When it comes to Negroes, the law is either disobeyed or cleverly evaded, and it is always some Negro, like the principal of Cheyney and others who have his peculiar slant on the race question, who help our public officials disregard the spirit of the law. Cheyney as a private school was all right; but as a public school it now becomes the very keystone in the arch of segregation throughout the state. Our principal of the Philadelphia Normal School made public to an assembly of his students that he deprecated the attendance of colored students because they could not be "placed" after graduation, knowing well that they could only teach in "Jim Crow" schools. Now, if the logic of Cheyney's principal is followed, he will gladly accept the unwanted students from Philadelphia Normal and West Chester, and Philadelphia's Board of Education will further break both letter and spirit of the law by increasing its numbers of Jim Crow schools, to furnish teaching places for Cheyney's product. There would then be absolutely no difference, racially speaking, between education in Pennsylvania and that in Georgia.

4. The fact of there being more colored students in other State Normals of Pennsylvania than ever before does not alter the fact that they are there *because they are determined to have an education* for their life work, and not because they are wanted there. Dr. Smith's frank statement as to how he felt about his thirty-five colored students is eloquent enough on this point. *We are glad there are more students in Cheyney, too, for we have never been opposed to Cheyney as a training school for teachers. We are opposed to it as a State Normal School* because it *practically* imposes segregation, while masking behind legal phrases.

5. This final "point" of Cheyney's principal, that there *is* no student at Cheyney who has not deliberately chosen to attend that school is too clever by half. It guarantees the present, when Cheyney can accommodate only a few over one hundred students in its dormitories. It does not guarantee the future, when the state will have been asked to enlarge the plant and provide for the unwanted colored students of West Chester and Philadelphia Normal and others. Does the simplest mind suppose that $800,000 for a Normal School for Negro Teachers will be spent for no purpose at all? Cheyney's principal knows better than that, and he knows that we know it, too. Ask Pennsylvania State Senator McDade, who introduced the bill which made Cheyney a Normal School in 1920, why he was opposed to the Civil Rights Bill also up before the Pennsylvania legislature that year. Ask the Haverford township Negro voters why they "cut" McDade, and sized up their impression of the "Cheyney State Normal" and of its principal, from this impressive incident. No man can serve two masters. We admire the fine gifts of Cheyney's principal as a literary man and a poet, but because of this indefensible position of his on segregation, which he denies, but does not disprove, we must oppose his public educational policy as unsound and hurtful.

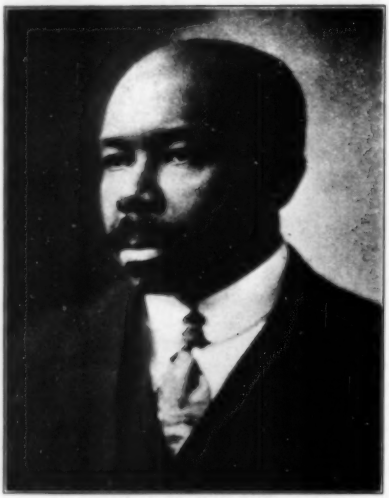
In the school situation at Morton, Pennsylvania, we have an actual example of how the segregated school system as promoted by Cheyney works out in practice. In 1915, the school board at Morton within the same county as Cheyney, condemned the old school building and taxed all the citizens, colored and white alike to build a new one. But when the new school building was opened, they lined up all the colored children behind two teachers, supplied by Chey-

ney, and marched them back to the old, condemned and dilapidated building and gave them all of the old school-books, while the white children were given the privilege of attending the new school fully equipped with the newest books and appliances.

The State having the bird, the cage and the appendages, that is, the colored State Normal School, the colored school buildings throughout the state to give its graduates employment, and the children conveniently segregated out of line with the work of the established state authorities, the next step will be to again legalize what has been illegally done; and we shall have in law, as well as in fact, a complete segregated school system for the entire state. In fact, it has already been hinted that the principal of the Cheyney State Normal School for Colored Teachers will be the first colored assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction having charge of the colored work.

But why do we need to establish, at great expense to the State, a 14th Standard Normal School at Cheyney when there is one already established at West Chester, Pennsylvania, which is only six miles from Cheyney and where both colored and white students seeking a Normal School education have had all their needs supplied for more than a generation. The School Code provides that "there shall be thirteen Normal School Districts in this Commonwealth, as now provided, and *one State Normal School in each District.* Delaware, Chester, Bucks and Montgomery Counties shall be the first Normal School District, and the *State Normal School in West Chester shall be the State Normal School in this District.*" The public school system of the State of Pennsylvania is for the purpose of giving a general education to all of its citizens in the standards of knowledge, and if any colored teachers have any "special needs," they should go to special schools under private ownership.

The facts show that Cheyney is not *legally* a State Normal School. The Act of April 26, 1921, gave the State Board of Education the right to inquire into the purchase of the Cheyney Training School For Teachers, under which Act the State Board of Education purchased a school plant worth $300,000 for only $75,000; but said Act did not say that Cheyney should be the 14th State Normal School within the first Normal School District, only six miles away



ATTORNEY G. E. DICKERSON

from the State Normal School at West Chester.

Notwithstanding, and in spite of the law as hereinbefore stated, but despite his assertions to the contrary, Dr. Finnegan, State Superintendent of Education, and one of the editors of the Pennsylvania School Journal, advertises in said Journal, Cheyney, as a colored school, along with the other State Normal Schools as follows: "Cheyney: for Colored Teachers."

By legally establishing, designating and maintaining Cheyney as a State Normal School, the State Superintendent of education must have one or all of the following purposes in view, to wit: He must be trying to dignify and give status to the head and principal of the school at Cheyney, or must be attempting or trying to relieve its founders and owners of its maintenance and upkeep, or he must be setting up as a first necessary step a professional school where segregated ideas and principles are taught and practiced. Be his reasons what they may, the effect is the same. Cheyney, as constituted, is but the legal beginning of a complete segregated school system for the State of Pennsylvania. For, when the State has spent its money for the purpose of making segregated teachers, it will not hesitate to spend the necessary money to make the segregated schools, and will not hesitate to

drive the colored children from the graded schools that are established, into dislocated and ill-equipped buildings where one colored teacher will be compelled to teach all of the primary and grammar school grades. When we have the bird we buy the cage and its appendages.

Cheyney then, represents a crisis—a departure from the object and purpose of its founders, as well as departure from the Northern system of education, where all are educated and taught together according to their several qualifications and ability, and is the necessary link in an effort to establish and maintain a segregated system where prospective teachers, first, and pupils afterwards, are discriminated against and segregated according to race and color, the Southern custom.

We are all American citizens, and we stand for and demand equal and identical school opportunities, both to learn and to teach, requiring no special training, demanding no special privileges, permitting no segregation or discrimination. It is but idle folly for the founders and sponsors of Cheyney to institute in the State of Pennsylvania both the fact and cause of segregation without expecting and receiving as a necessary corollary its necessary and attending evils and effects. Whether the principal of Cheyney admits it or not, it is a fact, nevertheless, that wherever there are separate schools, there always follow Jim-Crow cars, segregation in public conveniences, and loss of political status.

Note: The attitude taken in the foregoing article has been approved by the Philadelphia Branch, N. A. A. C. P., in its regular meeting, April 3, 1923, also by many Philadelphia citizens, including Bishop L. J. Coppin of the A. M. E. Church, Mr. E. W. Henry, Pres. of Citizens Republican Club, Dr. William Myers Slowe, the Honorable A. F. Stevens, Pennsylvania State Representative and many others.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF NEGRO MUSICIANS

CARL DITON, National Organizer

WHEN a score or more of prominent musicians and artists hailing from different parts of the United States met at the national capital during the latter part of the spring of 1919, little did they surmise that they were taking an initial step toward a national association that would, in less than four years, grow to a membership of over one thousand with 34 branches.

To the association's first presiding officer, Henry Grant, an unusually well-schooled musician and educator, should go the honor of having made the launching of such an invaluable association possible, for it was he who called the first conference and who laid before it a solid, constructive working plan which subsequently became the structural foundation of the present national organization.

In connection with the idea of forming a national association, however, it is fair to record that there were two other prominent men who were ambitious to perform a similar service for the race. In 1914, Clarence Cameron White, violinist-composer and educator, issued a call from Boston for a national meeting, but was compelled to call it off because of the excitement attending the outbreak of the World War. In 1918, Nathaniel Dett, well-known composer, issued a similar summons, only to be frustrated by the memorable influenza epidemic. It is interesting to note though, that the association, young as it is, has shown fine political wisdom in choosing for its second president the former of these two men in recognition of his pioneer effort to bring about closer union among Negro-American musicians.

At present, the most brilliant achievement of the National Association of Negro Musicians is its conventions. This fact should not be under-estimated, for in point of constructive thought, to say nothing of the vast crowds of people attendant upon its evening concert sessions when the standing room of the largest procurable auditoriums is at a premium, these conventions go far towards rivaling those of

older and more experienced national associations. Every year brings forth an amazing wealth of the noblest kind of talent which is, even to the older and more seasoned members, vividly startling.

The 1919 convention was held in Chicago. In 1920, the association convened at New York City, the guest of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Parish. Nashville received the convention in 1921, the Baptist group and Fisk University co-operating in the entertainment and comfort of the delegates. It is, however, the consensus of opinion that the Columbus, Ohio, convention of 1922, characterized by the absolute satisfaction of the delegates as to their personal comfort, the total absence of anything that savored of graft, and the absolute punctuality of the sessions, was the masterpiece of them all. The character of this year's convention, which will be held at Chicago, July 24 to 26 inclusive, remains to be seen.

The present usefulness of the association then, is assured through its annual meetings. No young Negro musician could possibly make this annual pilgrimage without getting sufficient inspiration to last a twelvemonth. As to its future usefulness, much more must be anticipated. To be fully effective, it must link itself with other large important groups, the School and the Church, for the reasons that it must not suffer for want of intellectual appreciation nor for economic assurance.

Every school devoted to the education of Negro youth including the subject of music in its curriculum, should have a branch of the National Association of Negro Musicians, provided there is not already a branch organization in the respective municipality, for the association will need for its future constituent membership educated musicians to carry on the work of skilled, scientific organization, which is becoming more and more complex every day. Its members must have vision, capacity for creative thought, even more so than now, and appreciation for aggressive propaganda for the future.

With the co-operation of the Church, the National Association of Negro Musicians might well do wonders. It should work toward the improvement of church music by urging the clergy to procure always the best trained organists and to do all in their power to keep them under the instruction of good teachers; to encourage their choir members to follow the Azalia Hackley doctrine of cultivating the voice no matter how beautiful it may be in its natural state; to invite artists of national prominence to their churches for recitals, thus affording the community moments of musical inspiration; and last, but by no means least, to incorporate the spiritual in the order of worship. These are only a few of the myriad possibilities which might well be attempted with some degree of success. Let us hope that the members of the National Association of Negro Musicians will start this movement by assuming a friendly attitude toward some of these reforms.

THE TOUCH

COUNTEE P. CULLEN

I AM no longer lame since Spring
Came, daisy-decked, my way,
And charmed with flute and silver lute,
My laggard limbs to play;
Her voice is sweet as long-stored wine;
I leap like a hounded fawn;
I rise and follow o'er hill and hollow
To the flush of the crimson dawn.

I am no longer deaf who hear
The litany of Spring;
The choir celestial of thrush and throstle,
Of feathered breast and wing;
The matin hymns of airy folk;
The ave of the lark;
The vesper trill of the whippoorwill
To usher in the dark.

I am no longer blind who see
The little folk that pass,
With woodland talk through garden walk,
And o'er the shadow grass.
In iridescent hues arrayed,
The hooded flowers burst,
And nightly clouds drop dewy shrouds
To quench their wakened thirst.

There is no longer room for doubt,
For sorry mundane fears;
I garner gain from poignant pain,
Reap joy from sowing tears:
Through all old things new beauty runs,
Defying any name;
I only know that this is so:
That earth is not the same.

National · Association · for · the ··· Advancement · of · Colored · People.

THE ANNUAL N.A.A.C.P. CONFERENCE

PREPARE to attend the Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. at Kansas City, Kansas, from August 29th to September 5th. It is expected that Governor Davis and ex-Governor Allen of Kansas will be among the notable group of speakers.

Branches should begin now to prepare for the Conference, and persons should make their vacation arrangements so as to fit in with the time of this gathering.

Kansas City is preparing to entertain the Conference in a most splendid fashion. Remember all roads lead to Kansas City and the Annual N. A. A. C. P. Conference, the last week in August.

THE DRIVE

THE 449 branches of the N. A. A. C. P. are about to start on their annual canvass for membership. Every branch is urged to enter this work with the determination to go over the top, and to strive to effect greater solidarity than ever before.

No branch can afford to remain out of the drive. Every branch must realize that to make the drive a success there must be adequate preparation. The drive is being conducted for greater numbers, larger financial strength, and more close-knit unity, that the power may be developed through which full justice may come to the race.

The accomplishments of the Association point the way to the goal. There is no question that if our people unite and stand together behind the organization, the barriers of expressed prejudice will fall before them.

R. W. B.

BUTLER W. NANCE

ON Monday, February 19, Butler W. Nance, prominent attorney of Columbia, S. C., and president for six years of the Columbia Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. was stricken with apoplexy, dying four hours later. Thus was removed from the scene of action one of the sturdiest and bravest fighters in the United States for justice to the Negro.

A man of great personal ability as a lawyer and citizen, of equally notable charm and tact, his heart filled with the burdens of his people, Butler Nance fought doggedly on in the South for a greater measure of justice for his people in the face of conditions that would have disheartened a man of lesser fortitude. William Pickens once said that it took greater courage for a colored man to *just live* in Mississippi than to be a hero in France. Butler Nance was the living exemplification of that race of courageous black men who choose to remain in the South and fight there against the evils which burden men of color.

Mrs. Hunton who is on a tour of the South writes us of her recent visit to Columbia:

"The death of Mr. Nance comes as a terrible shock and gives me great sorrow. I have not met a president anywhere who seemed so quietly courageous and so thoroughly devoted to the work of the Association as Mr. Nance. I cannot forget how he took my hand as he left me on the train and said, 'We will let our work this year speak our appreciation of your visit.' And now he has gone and I do not see who will take his place."

Less than a week before his death Mr. Nance wrote the National Office regarding the arrest of a colored man in South Carolina accused of criminal assault by a white woman of questionable reputation who sought to shield her white lover when they were caught together. Mr. Nance offered his services in spite of the great danger involved in defending such a case and said:

"We will fight the case through the United States Supreme Court . . . and we will give you a defense that will make the world sit up and take notice . . . ."

Let that last brave statement be Butler Nance's epitaph. A fearless champion has passed, fighting without fear to the last. The National Office mourns the loss of a loyal co-worker whom it will be hard to replace. To the family it extends its sincere sympathy.

SCIPIO A. JONES

MOORFIELD STOREY

LAWYERS HAIL ARKANSAS DECISION

THE Supreme Court's decision reversing the conviction of five colored Arkansas riot victims, has been widely discussed among lawyers and in the press. *The New Republic* devotes two editorials to the legal points involved. Mr. Louis Marshall, noted lawyer, who was counsel for Leo Frank, has written to the N. A. A. C. P. calling the decision "a great achievement in constitutional law" and saying that in this decision the Supreme Court adopted the viewpoint that was rejected in the Leo Frank trial. "Due process of law now means," says Mr. Marshall, "not merely a right to be heard before a court, but that it must be before a court that is not paralyzed by mob domination." Walter Nelles, of counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, states that the Supreme Court not only reversed a lower court in the Arkansas case but hails its decision as one of the most far reaching on *habeas corpus* that the Supreme Court has ever made. The N. A. A. C. P. is gratified that a colored lawyer, Scipio A. Jones of Little Rock, stood at the forefront of the four year legal battle which culminated in this important decision of the United States Supreme Court.

ALL TOLEDO DAILY PAPERS NOW CAPITALIZE N FOR RACE

THROUGH the splendid work of the Toledo Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. in appointing a committee which called in person upon each of the editors of the three daily newspapers of that city, the word "Negro" will be spelled with a capital N, hereafter the objectionable term Negress will be discarded and there will be no emphasizing of race in stories of criminal activity where such mention would not be applied to other races. The committee which did such effective work was composed of the Rev. P. A. Nichols and Attorneys B. Harrison Fisher and Albertus Brown.

The National Office commends the Toledo Branch for this striking achievement and recommends similar action by branches in other cities. A large part of the prejudice against colored people is due to antagonistic treatment of news regarding the Negro in the white press. Intelligent action such as that of the Toledo Branch will do much towards correcting this evil.

HARLEM OFFICE SECURES PERMANENT SECRETARY

THE National Office announces the addition of Mr. Louis H. Berry to assume charge of the Harlem Office of the N. A. A. C. P. Due to local difficulties the officers of the former branch in New York City requested the National Office some time ago to revoke its charter and take over its work in Harlem and Mr. Berry's appointment to work in what is the greatest Negro city in the world, where 175,000 colored people live within a radius of one square mile, is the logical following out of that recommendation. Mr. Berry is a graduate of Howard University and of the General Theological Seminary and is a man of energy and intelligence.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, DEFEATS SEGREGATED SCHOOL MOVE

AFTER a very lengthy and difficult fight, the colored citizens of Springfield, Ohio, have defeated an attempt to force segregated schools upon the colored people of that city. The task was made more difficult because ministers of two of the largest churches of the city openly advocated the creation of the separate school. The fight has extended over more than a year and was conducted by the Springfield Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and a General Citizens Committee. Visits were made to Springfield by Field Secretaries Hunton and Bagnall who aided in the laying of plans for the campaign against this attempt. Meetings were held with the Board of Education when many petitions against the separate school were presented but with no success. Mass and committee meetings were held, parades were organized and the school was boycotted and picketed. Finally an injunction against the school was applied for, which was granted by the court, later being made permanent.

The citizens of Springfield are to be highly congratulated upon this determined fight to prevent encroaching attempts of segregation and discrimination which are being tried in numerous cities of the North and, particularly, in Ohio. It is hoped that the splendid example will have effect upon other cities where the colored citizens are not as awake to the danger as those in Springfield.

A REMARKABLE RECORD

EVERY student of the Sumner High School of Kansas City, Kansas, is a member of the Junior Branch of the N. A. A. C. P.! Four hundred and ten students —four hundred and ten members! A drive launched and ended on one day—that is the remarkable record made by these young men and women. And on the same day one hundred and eight students of the Western University of the same city joined the branch, making a total for the day of five hundred and eighteen boys and girls. Such is the accomplishment in one city of March 28, 1923.

At the Sumner High, of which Professor Hodge is principal and Mr. W. P. King is Assistant Principal, the student body was divided into two equal divisions, one under the leadership of Mr. Hodge and the other under Mr. King. Both men are former presidents of the Kansas City, Kansas, Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. The losing leader agreed to give a dinner to the winner. The drive was started on the morning of March 23rd and ended with a rousing meeting in the school chapel on the same day. Every room reported one hundred per cent membership and the race ended in a tie.

Great enthusiasm prevailed and the excitement was intense. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Matthews, president and secretary of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and Mr. Comegor, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Walter F. White, Assistant National Secretary, were present and spoke briefly to the students.

The party then went to Western University, and through the aid of Bishop W. T. Vernon and President Peck of that institution, 108 young men and women joined. After this remarkable result in Sumner High School and Western University, 800 students of the Lincoln High School, Kansas City, Missouri, of which Mr. Cook is principal, and Mr. Love, the president of our Kansas City, Missouri, branch, a professor, decided that they would not be surpassed by the high school in their sister city. They have pledged in a one day drive to secure 100 per cent of the membership of the school—800 altogether. A splendid example to the other branches of the N. A. A. C. P. and to young people throughout the country has been set by these new recruits in the fight being waged by the N. A. A. C. P.

INTERSTATE PASSENGER WINS SUIT AGAINST RAILROAD

AN important decision has just been rendered in a case affecting the right of a colored passenger in interstate traveling. Mr. J. H. Roberts, a colored man of St. Louis, purchased a ticket from St. Louis to McAlister, Oklahoma. He rode in a chair car as far as the Oklahoma state line when he was ordered to go forward to the Jim-crow section of the train. Mr. Roberts refused to do so, citing the fact that he was an interstate passenger and therefore the separate coach law of Oklahoma did not apply to him. The Pullman porter who had ordered Mr. Roberts to move brought the conductor and the two of them forced Mr. Roberts to move.

Mr. Roberts returned to St. Louis and entered suit against the St. Louis, San Francisco Railway Company for $40,000. The case was tried before Judge Robert W. Hall of the Circuit Court sitting at St. Louis. The Railway Company in its defense relied upon the Oklahoma separate car law and upon the rules and regulations of the company. Messrs. Freeman L. Martin, George B. Jones and Frank S. Bledsoe, colored attorneys of St. Louis, contended on behalf of Mr. Roberts that he being an interstate passenger was not subjected to the Oklahoma Jim-crow law.

After hearing arguments and briefs on both sides, Judge Hall sustained a motion of the plaintiff and denied to the defense that the railway company had any right to force Mr. Roberts to ride in the Jim-crow car under the provisions of the Oklahoma Jim-crow law or the company's rules and regulations. Messrs. Martin, Jones and Bledsoe were aided in drawing their brief by Mr. James A. Cobb, Vice-dean of the Howard University Law School and attorney at Washington for the N. A. A. C. P. Judge Hall's decision is of great importance affecting as it does so fundamental a question.

SHUFFLE ALONG

THERE has been no more loyal and appreciated support of the N. A. A. C. P. than that rendered by the members of the cast of "Shuffle Along" and especially by the principals, Messrs. Miller, Lyles, Sissle and Blake. During their phenomenal run on Broadway a benefit performance was given by this company for the National Office of the N. A. A. C. P. at the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem which netted more than a thousand dollars.

The interest manifested by the company did not cease there. On February 1st another splendid benefit was given by the Shuffle Along Company for the Chicago Branch. The event was held at the Avenue Theatre and was a huge success, bringing to the Chicago Branch treasury $722.01 after all expenses had been paid. In addition Mr. Aubrey Lyles made an N. A. A. C. P. speech during the intermission. The entire house was sold out several days before the affair. Through the energetic work of Mr. Morris Lewis, Executive Secretary of the Chicago Branch, Mesdames Helen Thorne and Jessie Jones, and Messrs, Alfred Anderson, A. L. Weaver, Charles Wilson and many others, the benefit was one of the outstanding events of the season.

Again we thank the Shuffle Along Company!

The Executive Committee of the Chicago Branch passed the following resolutions of thanks:

WHEREAS, Through the introduction made by Dr. Robert W. Bagnall, plans were initiated for a Benefit by the Shuffle Along Company for the Chicago Branch, N. A. A. C. P.; and

WHEREAS, Through the kindness and great interest of the management of The Shuffle Along Company, arrangements were completed for a Benefit performance on February 1, 1923; and

WHEREAS, The Benefit given at the Grand Theatre Thursday night, February 1, 1923, met with great success, resulting in a clear profit of over $700.00; be it

RESOLVED, That the Executive Committee, Chicago Branch, N. A. A. C. P. through its President and Secretary express their thanks for the very great service rendered the N. A. A. C. P. and their appreciation of the talent and dramatic art displayed in the rendition of the benefit program; and be it

FURTHER RESOLVED, That our personal thanks are hereby extended to Messrs. Miller and Lyles, and Sissle and Blake for their generous offer in placing the company at the service of the Chicago Branch, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Done on behalf of the Executive Committee, this 9th day of February, 1923.

HAROLD L. ICKES,
President.
MORRIS LEWIS,
Secretary.

THE "LIZA" COMPANY

THE "Liza" Company forms the second theatrical Broadway hit within recent times. "Liza" has been playing on Broadway since last fall with huge houses and much favorable comment.

This Company has as its producers two young colored men—Irving Miller, the brother of Flournoy Miller of the Shuffle Along Company, and Maceo Pinkard.

On March 27th, the "Liza" Company gave a midnight benefit for the Harlem office of the N. A. A. C. P. at the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem. They were assisted by volunteer stars from "Shuffle Along" Number Three, and several independent teams. The bill was unusually brilliant. The theatre was packed to its utmost capacity, and the benefit was a huge success; over $900.00 being raised for the Association.

JOHN S. PERRY AND "UNCLE PRIMUS"

¶ Here is Youth appropriately playing to Old Age. The boy is John Sinclair Perry, aged five, who recently played in a recital at Hotel Pinehurst in North Carolina. "Uncle Primus" Pearson, the old man is ninety-five years old. What are his thoughts as he listens to John's interpretation of "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen?"

¶ Matthew Kyles, route messenger of the post office at Amityville, L. I., has not lost one trip from his initial one in June, 1918, up to January 31, 1923. Every day he covers twenty-two miles delivering mail and selling stamps. He has made 1,408 trips in the last four and one-half years. He started out with a horse and buggy but today he possesses a Ford.

¶ Archibald J. Motley, Jr. has the distinction of having two paintings of his on exhibition in the Chicago Artists' Annual Exhibit at the Art Institute of Chicago. They are called the "Portrait of an Octoroon" and the "Portrait of my Grandmother". The latter, which we reproduce, is also in the catalogue.

¶ The North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company with its home office in Durham has purchased the interests and business of the Afro-American Life Insurance Company of Charlotte. The first named business reports $38,999,996 insurance in force, with assets amounting to $1,687,619, and has paid in, within the last twenty-four years, approximately $4,000,000 in sick and death claims. The reserve fund stated maintained by the company is equal to $1,481,700.76. More than a million dollars has been loaned by the company to finance the building of homes and to finance business enterprises among colored people.

¶ In 1920 a bond issue for $8,850,000 was carried in Atlanta, Ga., for schools and other improvements. One of these schools

"PORTRAIT OF MY GRANDMOTHER"

R. E. Pharrow J. W. Holmes Miss Jackson W. W. Robinson

which is to cost $305,000 without mechanical equipment is to be built under the immediate supervision of R. E. Pharrow, chief engineer and manager of the Service Engineering and Construction Co., of Atlanta. Mr. Pharrow is a native of Georgia and his life has been a difficult climb upward to the success which now is his. He was born in 1868 of parents just out of slavery and lost his father when but 7 years old. For ten years thereafter he attended school three months and worked the remaining nine months of the year. Then he went to Augusta to serve an apprenticeship in brick masonry. Two years later he moved to Atlanta where he plyed his trade by day but kept on working at night, as was his custom, at mathematics and civil engineering. Finally, by 22 years of sheer, unremitting labor, he became one of the largest colored contractors of the South and his work was known all over Georgia and in several adjoining states. Recently he was asked to become general manager of the Service Engineering and Construction Co. of which Heman E. Perry is president. His successful bid for the new school marks the high spot of his career.

¶ J. Welfred Holmes, the first Negro lawyer to be admitted to the bar in Allegheny County, Pa., was born in Augusta, Ga., and educated in the public schools of Washington, D. C., and at Wayland Seminary. In 1890 he was graduated from the Law School of Howard University. He practiced in Pittsburgh for 31 years and was at one time a member of the State Board of Presidential Electors. Mr. Holmes was a member of the Elks, Masons, Knights of Pythias and the Order of Calanthe. He died December 12th, 1922, aged 65, and is survived by his wife, Alice Waring Holmes and his son, J. Welfred Holmes Jr.

¶ The death of Mattie A. Jackson closes a long life devoted to the needs and development of youth. For 32 years, this gracious presence was known and felt in the Chattanooga High School of Chattanooga, Tenn. Her work was in Latin and mathematics and she had been amply equipped for this training in her native town at Oberlin College whence she was graduated at the age of 20. Miss Jackson was especially active in church and civic interests.

¶ The following record speaks for itself It is the account of the long, honorable and faithful service of 1st Sgt. William W Robinson, Company B, 24th Infantry, who has recently been placed on the retired list.

1st Sgt. Robinson's record of service is as follows:

Company "G," 24th Infantry, from Sept. 5th, 1898, to Feb. 2nd, 1899. Discharged as Pvt., Character Good.

Company "B," 24th Infantry, from March 22nd, 1899, to March 21st, 1902. Discharged as Corporal with Character Excellent.

Company "B," 24th Infantry, from March 22nd, 1902, to March 21st, 1905. Discharged as Corporal with Character Excellent.

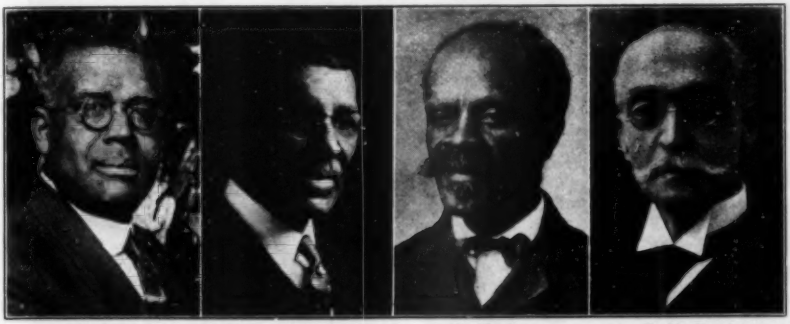
Company "B," 24th Infantry, from March 22nd, 1905, to Nov. 17th, 1905. Discharged as Corporal with Character Excellent.

Company "B," 24th Infantry, from Nov. 18th, 1905, to Nov. 17th, 1908. Discharged as 1st Sgt., with Character Excellent.

Company "B," 24th Infantry, from Nov. 18th, 1908, to Nov. 17th, 1911. Discharged as 1st Sgt., with Character Excellent.

Company "B," 24th Infantry, from Nov. 18th, 1911, to Nov. 17th, 1914. Discharged as 1st Sgt., with Character Excellent.

Company "B," 24th Infantry, from Nov. 18th, 1914, to Oct. 14th, 1917. Discharged



S. H. Lark E. C. Berry C. H. Carter E. M. Brawley

as 1st Sgt., with Character Excellent.

1st Lieutenant, 317th Engineers and 367th Infantry from Oct. 15th, 1917, to March 24th, 1919.

Company "B," 24th Infantry, from April 1st, 1919, to March 31st, 1922. Discharged as 1st Sgt., with Character Excellent.

He participated in engagements during the Philippine Insurrection: Cabanatuan, Dec. 24-25, 1900, and various other skirmishes on the Island of Luzon; campaign against Pulajanes on the Islands of Leyte and Samar, 1906-07; Punitive Expedition into Mexico, 1916-17; overseas with the American Expeditionary Force in France, 1918-1919. He participated in the following engagements in France: San Dié Sector, Vosges, Aug. 23-Sept. 20, 1918; Meuse-Argonne Offensive, Sept. 26-Oct. 6, 1918; various minor engagements in the Marbache Sector, Oct. 10 to Nov. 9th, 1918; Corny, Nov. 10, 11, 1918.

He later participated with the 24th in the skirmish at Juarez, Mexico, June 15, 16, 1919.

First Sgt. Robinson served over 23 years as a non-commissioned officer, 16 years of this time he was 1st Sergeant.

During the World War he served as a 1st Lieutenant, National Army.

He is now 1st Lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

¶ Another son of Georgia, is the new Assistant District Attorney of Brooklyn, N. Y., Sumner H. Lark, who although born in South Carolina in 1874, was raised in Augusta. He was educated there at Haines Institute and later received the degree of A. B. from Howard. Twenty-two years ago, Mr. Lark came to Brooklyn where he has devoted himself to various interests. First he operated a job-printing office, then published a weekly paper, the *Eye*. Later he bought and managed the Putnam Theatre and disposed of it to a great advantage, investing his profits in two large apartment houses. He has since purchased a large tract of land near Peekskill which he and his wife, Mrs. Virginia Jones Lark, hope to develop into a race community. These interests, however, have been only secondary. His real interests lie in law and politics. In 1916 he was graduated with the degree of LL.B from the Brooklyn Law School, and long ago he allied himself with Tammany and has worked consistently under Democratic leaders. His industry and success have given his 7 children an inspiring start in life.

¶ In October, 1921, a patent for an automatic fish-cleaner was granted Charles H. Carter of Farmers Fork, Va. Mr. Carter has also invented an automatic wood-skinner for the manufacture of pulp. He has been interested in tools and machinery all his life with a strong leaning toward the higher mathematics and physics, but these have been side issues for he has spent his last 40 years in teaching, a profession which he still enjoys. He started teaching as a mere youth but resigned for three or four years to accept government commissions as lighthouse keeper on a lightship at York Spit, Chesapeake Bay; as keeper of a screw-pile lighthouse in the same bay, and at Cape Charles lighthouse. He also served as assessor of U. S. Internal Revenue, 1st Division, 1st Collection Division of Virginia in the counties of Northampton and Accomac. In 1895 he was commissioner from the County of Richmond, Va., to the Cotton States and to the International Exposition held at Atlanta. Mr. Carter was born in 1852 in Washington, D. C., and his father was a slave up to the second year of the Civil War. He was educated in the public schools of his native city.

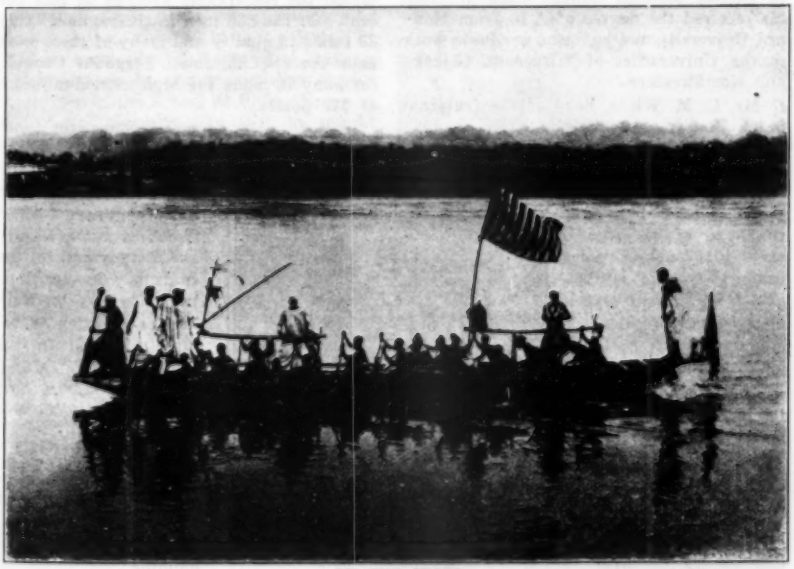
TWELFTH ANNUAL PROMENADE OF KAPPA ALPHA PSI, CHICAGO, ILL.

¶ After more than 40 years of restaurant and hotel activity, E. C. Berry, the proprietor and owner of the famous Hotel Berry of Athens, O., has retired from business. The hotel, it is reported, was purchased by a syndicate of Athens, Glouster and Parkerburg capitalists for a sum in excess of $100,000. Mr. Berry was born in Oberlin but came to Athens as a lad. His whole life has been spent in hotel work. First he helped build the Athens State Hotel, then he started a restaurant. Later he moved this to another site where he prospered so that he purchased a 20 foot frontage on Court Street which now forms the dining room of Hotel Berry. To his restaurant he added a few rooms for travelling men. Eventually he developed his hotel into 52 rooms, with a broad frontage, all modern conveniences, and an annual business of $75,000. Both white and colored guests were welcome at this hotel.

¶ The first Negro alumnus of Bucknell University, Pa., was Edward McKnight Brawley who was graduated in 1875. He went to work immediately in South Carolina where for a long time he was the only college man among the Negro Baptists in that state. He organized the State Baptist Convention and while serving in numerous pastorates in Virginia, Florida, South Carolina and Georgia, personally assisted scores of ministers and young persons in getting an education. His most recent and distinguished period of service in ministerial work was that in connection with the White Rock Baptist Church of Durham, N. C., from 1912 to 1920. From this pastorate he went to Shaw University where he was Professor of Old Testament History and Evangelism. He died January, 13th, 1923, in his 73rd year. The final services were held in the presence of a great concourse of people at White Rock Baptist Church where he had labored so long. Rev. Brawley was born in Charleston, S. C., and was the father of Benjamin Brawley, the well-known author.

¶ On the Niger River in Africa canoes are often "poled" rather than paddled because this method permits far swifter navigation on the shallow reaches of the river. A helmsman and ten "polers" can move a well-loaded canoe up stream during the low water season at an average speed of 5 to 6 miles an hour.

¶ The United States Veteran Bureau of Washington, D. C., has appointed Dr. G.



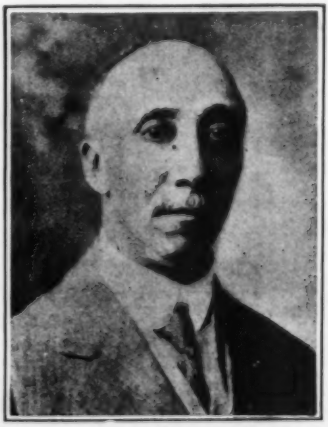
ON THE NIGER

IN THE LIBRARY OF LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

Fletcher Waters, a dentist of Jacksonville, Fla., Dental Examiner for the fiscal year 1923 to the ex-soldiers of Jacksonville. Dr. Waters received his professional training at the Philadelphia Dental College and at Meharry.

¶ F. S. Rankin, a student in the University of Illinois, is second on the list of six who passed, out of 52 competitors for the position of senior bacteriologist in the Health Department of Chicago. Mr. Rankin is the second Negro to have passed the examination. He will graduate from the University of Illinois Medical College class of 1924. He received the degree of A.B. from Howard University and has done graduate work in the Universities of Wisconsin, Chicago and Northwestern.

¶ Mr. C. M. White, head of the fraternal order known as the American Woodmen, is dead at Denver. Mr. White was a native of Texas and has been at the head of his order since 1910. The order has grown from assets of $7,000 to assets of over $1,000,000. Mr. White was a modest man, a hard worker and very popular with his fellows. He leaves a widow and two children.



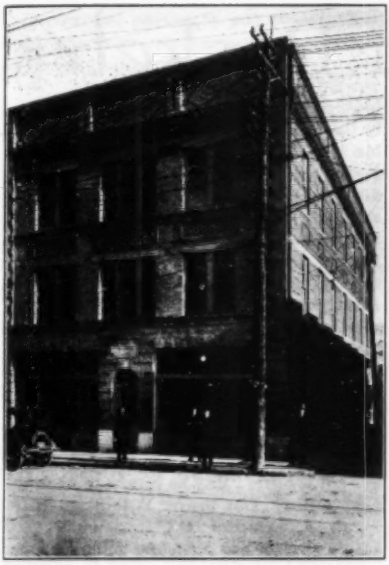
C. M. WHITE

¶ Mrs. Effie Bowman, R. N., has resigned from the staff of visiting nurses in Hartford, Conn. She was the only colored nurse on the staff and served two and a half years. Mrs. Bowman is a graduate of the Douglass Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., class of 1917 and is a member of the Connecticut Organization for Public Health Nursing.

¶ The 25th Infantry, commanded by Colonel Alexander J. McNab, led the 8th corps area and probably the entire Army in target practice for the season of 1922. The machine gun companies of the regiment qualified 100 per cent of their men as marksmen or better. The rifle companies attained the remarkable average of 96.1 per cent. Of the 838 men in the regiment only 33 failed to qualify and many of these were near the dividing line. Sergeant Crowell, company L, made the high individual score of 319 points.

¶ In connection with the Lincoln High School of Kansas City, Mo., there is a high school library which is both a public library and a study hall for the students. In our illustration a class in English composition is being instructed in the library. The Misses Hazel E. Grice and Jean McCampbell are the librarians.

¶ The Mecklenberg Investment Company of Charlotte, N. C., has recently erected a new building.



MECKLENBURG INVESTMENT BUILDING

¶ The sudden death of William Nelson Colson has brought to an end an unusually ambitious career. This young man was graduated from Hampton in 1908 and taught at the age of 17 in that college. In 1914 he received the degree of A.B. from Union University and studied for a year thereafter in the School of Philanthropy at Columbia University. In 1915 he taught Sociology and Economics at Virginia Union and was Director of the Negro Welfare Association in Richmond. In 1916 he entered Harvard Law School but left to volunteer in the World War in 1917. He saw active service as second Lieutenant in the 367th. After his discharge in 1919 he entered the Law School at Columbia in 1919 whence he was graduated in October, 1922, as Bachelor of Laws. He took the Bar Examination of New York State in early March, but died following an operation at Lincoln Hospital, March 25, 1923. He is survived by his wife, his mother, two brothers and two sisters. Mr. Colson set a high ideal toward which the colored youth of America might well aspire to strive.

¶ Blanche E. Braxton of 228 West Canton Street, Boston, Mass., a graduate of the Portia Law School, Boston, has just passed the Massachusetts Bar examination. She took the oath and was sworn in as an Attorney-at-Law on March 16, 1923. She plans to practice in Boston.

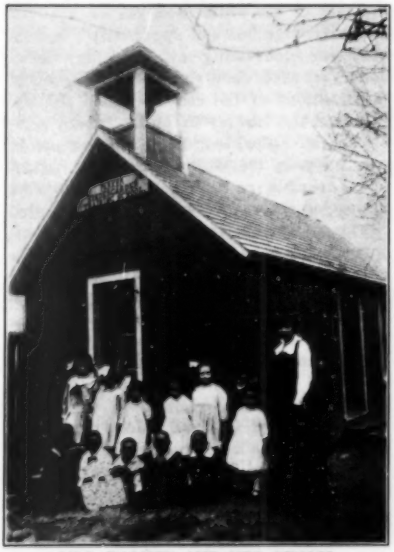
¶ Colored people are progressing in Wichita, Kansas. Thomas G. Perry, D.V.M., a graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural College, has in 18 months built up a thriving small animal hospital. His plant is modern and steam-heated and will house 100 small animals. Dr. G. G. Brown has been reappointed Assistant County Physician for the third time.

¶ A body of Negroes in Galveston, Texas, have formed a Negro Board of Trade and Commerce.

¶ William Service Bell, baritone of New York City, has appeared recently in song recitals in North and South Carolina.

¶ Mrs. Mamie L. Crowley Parker built this little school three years ago in Salisbury, Maryland. It will house sixty youngsters and is the only Kindergarten on the Eastern Shore. Although the site belongs to the school, Mrs. Parker is trying to procure a larger playground and more equipment.

¶ The Quakers in Philadelphia have held an Inter-Racial Conference. Among the speakers were Leslie P. Hill, Alice Dunbar Nelson, James Hardy Dillard and Dr. Joseph H. Odell.



MRS. PARKER AND HER SCHOOL

The Outer Pocket

Oakland, Cal.

MONDAY, March 12th, will remain a red letter day in the annals of Oakland, California. We were highly honored on that occasion in having with us the beloved Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, whose reputation had already preceded him; but even so, we were not prepared for the fine and deep impression which he left in our midst. On that historic day, Dr. BuBois delivered an address in the morning before the student body of Mills College. This is the only college for women west of the Mississippi River, and girls from all over the country, particularly from the western states, heard his words. In the afternoon he was taken to the University of California where he addressed the economics class of Professor Solomon Blum in the large assembly hall which was thrown open to the entire university. His subject was "The Economic Status of the Negro in the United States" In the audience were white and black and yellow students, gathered from every corner of the world, and they listened to a message which was strangely new to most of them.

We have all been taught about the supremacy of the white race, yet Dr. DuBois, scholarly, dignified and apparently a college professor addressing his students, drove home fact after fact, emphasizing the world contributions of the colored man. He emphasized the history of Haiti, where slavery was abolished long before similar action was taken in the United States, and without a terrible, costly war. He showed the improving status of the Negro in the United States, chiefly through his own unaided efforts, leaving us to infer the logical conclusion that increasing numbers, with wider opportunities and greater wealth, plus political strength, would continue to uplift the American Negro.

The same evening Dr. DuBois delivered the third of his great talks, this time in the Congregational church, in the downtown section of Oakland. John D. Drake, chairman of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. presided. The large auditorium was crowded, and so was the gallery, with eager friends who heard a wonderful message. He appeared as a statesman recounting to his people just what the Negro had done in the World War, and we were thrilled by his simple, yet graphic description of the Negro soldier, without whose aid the Allies never could have won. He clearly pointed out that Africa was the cause of the war, and because the Negroes of Africa have not yet received their due, the cause of another war has not been removed. The American Negro rendered the most valiant service, and so did those from Africa, although history accords them scant notice. However, they have a tremendous potential power, and this will increase as they realize their strength.

It is a pity that so able a man, with so genuine a message, spends but one day in our community. May he return to us in the near future. Our prayer is that the N. A. A. C. P., realizing the tremendous good such a speaker accomplishes, will send other lecturers to us in the course of the year.

RUDOLPH I. COFFEE,
Rabbi, Temple Sinai.

Boston, Mass.

In view of the defeat of the Dyer Bill, or the failure of the Republican Party in power to enact this particular piece of legislation, according to its solemn promise, made in its platform, the colored voters through the country should hold the Republican Party to a "strict accountability" in its next election, if the administration does not take up the Dyer Bill and "put it over."

I have long since come to the conclusion that colored citizens in this country should take a leaf, or a chapter, out of the history of the Irish in American politics. Be "agin" the party in power, whether Republican, or Democrat, which does not accord to us representation in the official establishment of the government, and refuses to enact legislation necessary to our "pursuit of happiness," or enjoyment of all the rights of American citizenship.

There is nothing sacred about party designation. Our debt of gratitude to the Republican Party has long since been paid with compound interest. I should advise the colored voters in the pivotal states to

vote men and parties in and out of office, until some man or some party, is found to do justice to the colored people.

WILLIAM H. LEWIS,
Former Assistant Att'y Gen. U. S. A.

"A Cry From The Wilderness" was prompted by an unpleasant experience I had in Virginia last August when the mayor of the town in which I was living temporarily and teaching, came to my home on the pretext of seeing me on business but really to make a very indecent proposal.

When I reported it in the town, the white men said something to this effect: "That's too bad; I'm sorry. During the six years you've been teaching here we've never heard anything of you but that you are a mighty nice woman. You've certainly done a lot for the colored people here and the school. It's too bad that some men can't control themselves better than that. Well, I hope the matter can be adjusted in some way; we certainly don't want you to leave us."

The white women's attitude surprised me. The leading women of the town were furious. Two of them urged me to force the white men to bring him to trial. Another advised me to get a gun and riddle him with bullets if he continued to annoy me. One of the most prominent women of the town looked me in the face and frankly declared that the men of her race were far more immoral than the colored men and that they had no conscience at all about insulting colored women, yet they were always ready to lynch the colored men for the least offense towards them. "I glory in your spunk," she continued, "and if we had more colored women in this town like you, we would be better off." Even when I was leaving the house, she called after me to assure me again that she was with me.

But I did not force the man's arrest. Had I done it, he might have been fined a few dollars and that's all. The actual law regarding such an offense would have been ignored as it always is when it happens to be a white man offending a Negro woman.

Had my husband been living, I am sure he would have had him arrested, however.

About three weeks later, the offender came to my home and acknowledged his guilt. I asked him if he knew what would have been his punishment had he been a Negro and I a white woman. He hesitated in answering and I answered for him. I told him he would have been lynched in a most horrible manner. He seemed thoughtful for a moment, then he said: "That's so; and for that reason, people ought to be very careful."

When he had gone, I wondered to whom he referred when he said: "People ought to be very careful."

The incident so unnerved me that I could not make myself satisfied there again. I opened the school of which I was principal, but taught just one month. The thought of living in a town with such a man serving as mayor was not pleasant at all.

But I was sorry to leave the three-room graded school I had built. When I went there six years ago, I found the colored children housed in a most wretchedly constructed hut which had served as a schoolhouse for more than a quarter of a century. I closed my first term in the new building and each following term made improvements until it was generally declared to be the most sanitary and attractive school in the county.

Because of my rating as a teacher and citizen, I felt I was immune to such advances as the one described herein. When I had partially recovered from the shock of the disillusionment, I wrote, as I have already intimated, "A Cry From the Wilderness."

MONOTONY

LANGSTON HUGHES

TODAY like yesterday
Tomorrow like today;
The drip, drip, drip,
Of monotony
Is wearing my life away:
Today like yesterday,
Tomorrow like today.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

IN the March CRISIS we quoted in this column the stirring verses of Guy Fitch Phelps called "The White Christ". To this Mrs. Myra King Whitson sends "The Answer" which we gladly publish:

THE ANSWER

To Guy Fitch Phelps

The real Christ comes from the East,
The West, or over, or underneath;
And He follows the drip-drip-drip of blood
Where ever His brothers breathe.
Pale skin and dark, cover seething blood,
And the color's the name—it's red—
The real Christ broods in anguished Love,
Where ever that blood is shed.

* * *

Mrs. Whitson writes: "If you really do want to be fair to your paler friends . . . I hope you will print these lines which I enclose. They are the immediate response of the heart of one, who by accident is white, as to skin, but who feels as many of us do, the deeper, essential kinship of all mankind. We can hardly let you accuse us of worshipping a 'White Christ who sanctions faggot, club and gun'."

* * *

We have received *The Commercial Outlook*, a monthly magazine which voices "the sentiments and views of students in Commerce and Finance of Howard University, its Alumni and friends, and acquaints the school and public with a knowledge of Negro business."

* * *

Blanche Watson, protagonist in the United States of the Gandhi Movement in India, writes in her "Voice of the New Revolution":

Ever since the East India Company first gained a foothold in India in the 18th century, India has been regarded by the British as an instrument in the expansion of England. Writing in 1882, nearly forty years ago, Sir John Seeley, a British historian said:

"There is then no Indian nationality, although there are some germs out of which we can conceive an Indian Nationality developing . . . If the feeling of a common nationality began to exist there, only feebly, if—without inspiring any active desire to drive out the foreigner, it only created a notion that it was shameful to assist him in maintaining his dominion, from that day almost, our Empire would cease to exist . . . For it is a condition of our Indian Empire that it should be held without any great effort . . . The moment India began to show herself what we so idly imagine her to be—a conquered nation—that moment we should recognize perforce the impossibility of retaining her."

To-day, in India, this universal feeling of nationality has not only taken shape, but it is assuming enormous proportions.

THE ARCH CHAMELEON

WHEN is a quibble not a quibble? On the lips of Mr. William Jennings Bryan. Hear him and his bland interpretations in N. Y. *Times*, written since he has moved South:

Back in 1898 when we were discussing imperialism a public man from the South cautioned me against laying too much emphasis upon the Declaration of Independence, adding that in the States where the blacks menaced white supremacy it had been found necessary to ignore the doctrine that all men were created equal. I replied that limitations upon the exercise of suffrage by the black race ought not to be based upon a denial of the doctrine of equality as found in the Declaration of Independence, but upon the real foundation, which in no way contradicts or weakens the Declaration of Independence. I defended the doctrine of equality in the inalienable rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence and explained to him that the problem which the whites of the South had to solve did not involve the question of equality before the law; that no one denied that the blacks were entitled to equal protection in their rights. The question is, which race shall control the Government and make the laws under which both shall live? The more advanced race will always control as a matter of self-preservation not only for the benefit of the advanced race, but for the benefit of the backward race also.

In the States where restrictions are placed upon suffrage for the purpose of excluding enough black to preserve white supremacy, *the blacks have the advantage of living under laws that the white man makes for himself as well as for the black man. The laws make no distinction in the matter of crime between whites and blacks.*

* * *

The italics are ours. Is Mr. Bryan really unaware of the distinction between *making* a law and *enforcing* it? Does he really believe that the law is interpreted in the same way for white as for colored in

MR. BRYAN LENDS A HAND N. Y. *Call*

Southern Courts? The New York *Call* differs with him:

With the change of a few words Bryan's defense of "white supremacy" might have come from Calhoun or Toombs. "The colored people . . . live under the laws that the white people make for themselves as well as for the colored people." If Negroes made the laws would they "be better for both, or (be) administered with more fairness than now"? Republicans moving South act as white Democrats do toward the Negro in the South.

Bryan has offered a justification for class rule and exploitation that is adapted for any age where labor, white or black, has been sweated for the pleasure of a minority. His pretense that laws are made to serve the Negro as well as the white contradicts all the evidence we have of white class rule in the South. What of the debt servitude of Negroes? Is the almost universal penalty of lynching for Negroes assessed against whites? What of the practice of courts sending Negroes into the chain gang to build roads? What of Negroes serving on juries? What of the Negro's testimony against a white man in court?

What is more, this "white supremacy"

which he glorifies is the rule of a white minority. Bryan must know that side by side with the Negro in the South there are tens of thousands of poor whites, who have been reduced to the same economic servitude that bears so heavily upon Negro workers. It is not white supremacy that prevails in the South. It is a class supremacy of a minority of white property owners, their lawyers and politicians of the stripe of William Jennings Bryan.

The old traditions of a white aristocracy still prevail in the South. The poor whites and the poor Negroes are regarded and are treated as mudsills of Southern society. If Republicans, as Bryan claims, who move South accept Bryan's views regarding "white supremacy" that merely means that fundamentally there is no difference between a Bryan Democrat and a Harding Republican.

One instinctively revolts against the sanctimonious "Christian" and "liberal" who offers this pious drivel in defense of a daily system of hell for millions of human beings. We prefer Simon Legree, who never added hypocrisy to his brutality.

NEGRO ACTORS ABROAD

ORMSBY BURTON of the London *Morning Telegraph* tells of the impression made by Florence Mills in the "Plantation Revue" upon Charles B. Cochran a London stage manager. Mr. Cochran said:

"I saw Florence Mills and considered her a truly great artiste, a phrase I rarely use.

"I saw her several times. She can be be mentioned in the same breath as Yvette Guilbert or Marie Lloyd. I negotiated with Salvin, her manager, because Mills was an artiste, not because she was a Negro . . .

"I was offered several Negro shows described by agents as equal to Salvin's 'Plantation' revue. A Duse, an Edith Evans and a Nelly Farren are not duplicated, and I saw only one Florence Mills. I shall be very proud to present her in London. She is unique."

* * *

Burton also declares that white English unemployed players resent the possibility of all-Negro revues from America:

There being no color line in this country, the agitators have fallen back on the argument that it would be nothing short of criminal to bring to London colored performers while so many native white artists were out of work. A long list of unemployed English actors and actresses is paraded before our eyes in support of this contention.

It must be admitted that distress in the theatrical profession has become somewhat alarming. The truth is that the lure of the limelight has attracted more would-be actors than the London stage can absorb, and, as new talent comes along, the old talent is crowded out.

Anyway, what the London public demands is variety in their theatrical fare, and they don't much care whether it is provided by white, black, pink or green performers.

* * *

This attitude the New York *Telegraph* finds both unjust and inconsistent:

There is something to be said on the other side. Perhaps English vaudeville performers no longer entertain English audiences which clamor for something else. After having seen the same acts over and over again for years they do rather pall on folk, who then demand something new.

Again, there are many English players in this country; one may hear the accent on stages everywhere. There are also hundreds of first-rate colored players in America who are highly regarded by audiences. We have not heard Negro actors complain of the presence of English actors here; and yet they are competing with the black Americans, who are natives of this land of the oldest ancestry—Negroes were brought to this country more than 400 years ago. If the Britons demand a boycott of colored persons in London, why should not the dark folk of America do the same thing with regard to aliens in this land?

British vaudeville actors better "sing low" and compete honorably with the lively singing Negroes. If they can put on acts better than the black Americans can they will draw the money. But if they cannot, they must go without work. The British public is just like the American in one respect. Playgoers do not care whom they see in a theatre, or what they see, just so they are entertained.

HARVARD

HARVARD has decided finally against racial discrimination. The argument of Raymond P. Alexander in "Opportunity", like the words of others, was unanswerable.

"Dormitories or no dormitories, Negroes will always go to Harvard" is the cry of some; but this is not meeting the issue squarely. Moreover, it is a bare conjecture based on a false assumption if the current freshmen Negro number is at all a fair criterion. The issue must be met by constructive effort on the part of many groups, by the Negroes themselves, i. e., the Negro alumni and present student body, by pressure brought to bear on the General Alumni Association, support from the influential members of the faculty who are fair and impartial, circularizing the white undergraduates or in some manner presenting them with the truth of the situation as herein attempted to be outlined, for their reflection asking for an expression of opinion on their part, finally, by acquainting the Board of Overseers with the magnitude of the significance of their acts on the race in its strides for higher education of its young men, to develop the proper type

of leadership, and the psychic effect it will have on the white student body and the citizens of this section of the country in bringing to their minds the fact that *Harvard* realizes that there is an "eternal, fundamental, and inescapable difference" between the two races. No better time affords itself for approaching these groups and working among them than the present, while the matter is still fresh in the minds of the people, and when the press of the country has in a large majority of cases given our cause such great support. It will be of no little interest to state that at present there are movements under way by two of the above groups that stand in a powerfully strategic position. First, there is an organization of white students which is canvassing the undergraduate body in the effort to get a prevailing sentiment against the policy of the President and to present him with a petition, on his return from Europe, to reconsider his stand and revoke the rule on the ground that, "the very persons who would be affected by the admission of Negroes into the dormitories, do not find such a state of affairs objectionable." Secondly, there are reports, not yet verified, that certain members of the faculty are forming a petition to the President and the Board of Overseers, to reconsider such action stating that "any form of racial discrimination is a serious departure from true Harvard principles, and would violate very precious Harvard traditions" substantially the stand of President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot. It is submitted that these two movements, if carried through in full, will have an incalculably great effect.

Harvard does mean something to the Negro. We cannot but look with pride at the list of America's outstanding Negroes and feel an indescribable love for the institution that has honored such men, that has given them their training, industry and resourcefulness, that stamps them as men of calibre, ability and integrity; men who by their deeds have gained the respect and admiration of an entire race, indeed, of the whole country. The university that has cast such men as Greener, W. E. B. DuBois, William H. Lewis, Carter G. Woodson, Archibald Grimke, and the host of others including Marshall, Matthews, Bruce, Morton, Jackson, and Pope; that honored Booker T. Washington with a degree for his great achievements, cannot hold only a passive interest for the Negro.

LET US REASON TOGETHER

WILL the Negro question ever be settled? asks the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*. It continues:

It [the Negro problem] persists in cropping up every now and then. It appears in our educational institutions. It is made the football of politics. The Ku Klux Klan employs it as one of the chief planks in its platform. Here we are, living in one country, a black race and a white one, refusing to amalgamate. And the black race is increasing. In the eyes of the alarmists it is a constantly growing menace. What shall be done about it?

Well there are those who believe that the Negro question is settling itself about as rapidly as so big a question can hope to be settled.

A hundred years ago the ancestors of many of these American Negroes were living as savages in the jungles of Africa. In a single century, during part of which they were given no opportunities, they are expected to have attained to a plane of civilization reached by their white brothers after thousands of years of struggle. If they have not fully accomplished that feat is it to be wondered at? The wonder is that they have achieved so much.

Sixty years ago a former editor of the *Union* spent a year as civil overseer of territory occupied by Federal troops in Beaufort County, South Carolina. He found there hundreds of ignorant and helpless Negroes whose masters in the stress of war, had been obliged to desert them. He found them incapable of self-support, like children that had to be cared for. They did not know how to plant crops, how to build houses, how to make clothes. They were eager to learn. They wanted the white man's religion, which they strangely mixed with savage rites. They wanted to be married like white people. They wanted to be taught the fundamentals of life in the land of which they suddenly found themselves to be free citizens.

There were at that time in the South, as well as in the North, Negroes who had reached a higher degree of civilization than that, but the great mass of them were totally undeveloped. What has become of those people, so unexpectedly thrown upon their own resources, so unprepared for the boon of freedom?

* * *

The *Pathfinder* answers with these important statistics:

"According to a recent report, in the last sixty years Negroes in this country have acquired 22,000,000 acres of land, 600,000 homes and 45,000 churches. They operate 78 banks and 100 insurance companies, besides 70,000 other business enterprises, with a capital of $150,000,000. Owing to the large number of schools and colleges for colored children, illiteracy has been reduced to less than 27 per cent."

* * *

The editor of the *Union* concludes:

Well, there you are! There's your Negro problem! Of course, they have had some help from us, but they should be able to count on that also for the future. This is what six decades have brought them, and they started with most of these figures represented by zero, except that illiteracy was nearly 100 per cent.

Before we despair, why not give the American Negro another sixty years and see what becomes of it?

Hampton Institute
Hampton, Virginia

Founded in 1868 by General Armstrong to train selected colored youth who should go out to teach and lead their people. In 1878 Indians were first admitted.

Hampton stands for "a sound body, a trained capacity, and an unselfish outlook on life."

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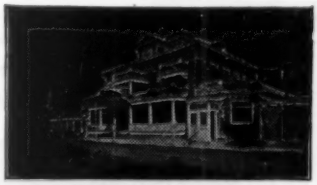

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